

MR. BEVERIDGE.

Of Indiana, Delivered a Powerful Speech in the Senate

ON THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

And Our Duty to Them and the Inhabitants, From Information Gleaned by Personal Visits and Conversations With Representative Men—They are Ours, and Will Be Held—They Command the Key to the Commerce of the Orient.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 9.—In the senate to-day, Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, delivered a powerful speech on the Philippines. He said in part:

Mr. President, I address the senate at this time because senators and members of the house on both sides have asked that I give to Congress and the country my observations in the Philippines and the far east, and the conclusions which those observations compel; and because of the hurtful resolutions introduced by the senators from South Carolina and Georgia, every word of which will cost and is costing the lives of American soldiers.

Mr. President, the times call for candor. The Philippines are ours forever, "territory belonging to the United States," as the constitution calls them. And just beyond the Philippines are China's limitless markets. We will not retreat from either. We will not repudiate our duty in the archipelago. We will not abandon our opportunity in the Orient. We will not renounce our part in the mission of our race, trustees under God, of the civilization of the world. And we will move forward to our work, not howling out regrets like slaves whipped to their burdens, but with gratitude for a task worthy of our strength, and thanksgiving to Almighty God that He has marked us as His chosen people, henceforth to lead in the regeneration of the world.

Command the Pacific.

This island empire is the last land left in all the oceans. It is should prove a mistake to abandon it, the blunder once made would be irretrievable. If it proves a mistake to hold it, the error can be corrected when we will; every other progressive nation stands ready to relieve us.

But to hold it will be no mistake. Our largest trade henceforth must be with Asia. The Pacific is our ocean. More and more Europe will manufacture all its needs—secure from its colonies the most it consumes. Where shall we turn for consumers of our surplus? Geography answers the question. China is our natural customer. She is nearer to us than to England, Germany or Russia, the commercial powers of the present and the future. They have moved nearer to China by securing permanent bases on her borders. The Philippines give us a base at the door of all the east. Lines of navigation from our ports to the Orient and Australia; from the Isthmian Canal to Asia; from all oriental ports to Australia, converge at and separate from the Philippines. They are a self-supporting, dividend-paying fleet, permanently anchored at a spot selected by the strategy of Providence, commanding the Pacific. And the Pacific is the ocean of the commerce of the future. Most future wars will be conflicts for commerce. The power that rules the Pacific, therefore, is the power that rules the world. And, with the Philippines, that power is and will forever be the American republic.

It will be hard for Americans who have not studied them to understand the people. They are a barbarous race, modified by three centuries of contact with a decadent race. The Filipino is the South Sea Malay, but through a process of three hundred years of superstition in religion, dishonesty in dealing, disorder in habits of industry, and cruelty, caprice and corruption in government. It is barely possible that one thousand men in all the archipelago are capable of self-government in the Anglo-Saxon sense. My own belief is that there are not one hundred men among them who comprehend what Anglo-Saxon self-government even means; and there are over 5,000,000 people to be governed. I know many clever and highly educated men among them, but there are

only three commanding intellects and characters—Arelano, Mabini and Aguinaldo. Arelano, the chief justice of our supreme court, is a profound lawyer, and a brave and incorruptible man. Mabini is the highest type of subtlety and the most constructive mind that race has yet produced. Aguinaldo is a clever popular leader, able, brave, resourceful, cunning, ambitious, unscrupulous and masterful. He is full of decision, initiative and authority, and had the confidence of the masses. He is a natural dictator. His ideas of government are absolute orders, implicit obedience or immediate death. He understands the character of his countrymen. He is a Malay Sylla.

Not a Filipino Washington.

These conclusions were forced upon me by observing the people in all walks of life in the different islands, and by conversations with foreign merchants, priests, mestizos, pure Filipinos, and every variety of mind, character and opinion from San Fernando in Luzon, on down through the entire archipelago to the interior of Sulu. These conversations were had informally at dinner tables, on journeys, and the like, and always under conditions favorable to entire frankness and unreserve. Their chief value is that they are the real opinions of their authors and not prepared and guarded statements. I will read to the senate salient points from my notes of these conversations, reserving the names of the persons interviewed, except that of Pablo Magia, of Cebu, who was assassinated a week after I met him, and whose fate I will not risk bringing down on others. Their names and residences are here in this book, and will be gladly given to any senator or to the senate in executive session.

The Nation's Power to Govern.

The nation's power to make rules and regulations for the government of its possessions is not confined to any given set of rules or regulations. It is not confined to any particular formula of laws or kind of government or type of administration. Where do senators find constitutional warrant for any special kind of government in "territory belonging to the United States?" The language affirming our power to govern such territory is as broad as the requirements of all possible situations. And there is nothing in the constitution to limit that comprehensive language. The very reverse is true. For power to administer government anywhere in any manner the situation demands would have been in Congress if the constitution had been silent; not merely because it is a power not reserved to the states or people; not merely because it is a power inherent in and an attribute of nationality; not even because it might be inferred from other specific provisions of the constitution; but because it is the power most necessary for the ruling tendency of our race—the tendency to explore, expand and grow, to sail new seas and seek new lands, subdue the wilderness, revitalize decaying peoples and plant civilized and civilizing governments over all the globe. For the makers of the constitution were of the race that produced Hawkins, and Drake, and Raleigh, and Smith, and Winthrop, and Penn. They were of the great exploring, pioneering, colonizing and governing race who went forth with trade or gain or religious liberty as the immediate occasion for their voyages, but really because they could not help it; because the blood within them commanded them; because their racial tendency is as restless as the currents of the sea or the process of the suns of any other elemental movement of nature, of which that racial tendency itself is the most majestic. And when they wrote the constitution they did not mean to negative the most elemental characteristic of their race, of which their own presence in America was an expression and an example. You can not interpret a constitution without understanding the race that wrote it. And if our fathers had intended a reversal of the very nature and being of their race, they would have so declared in the most emphatic words our language holds. But they did not, and in the absence of such words the power would remain which is essential to the strongest tendency of our practical race, to govern wherever we are, and to govern by the methods best adapted to the situation. But our fathers were not content with silence, and they wrote in the constitution the words which affirm this essential and imperial power.

The Question Elemental.

Mr. President, this question is deeper than any question of party politics; deeper than any question of the isolated policy of our country, even; deeper even than any question of constitutional power. It is elemental. It is radical. God has not been preparing the English-speaking and Teutonic peoples for a thousand years for nothing but vain and idle self-contemplation and self-admiration. No! He has made us the master organizers of the world to establish a system where chaos reigns. He has given us the spirit of progress to overwhelm the forces of reaction throughout the earth. He has made us adepts in government among savage and senile peoples. Were it not for such a force as this, the world would relapse into barbarism and night. And of all our race, He has marked the American people as His chosen nation to finally lead in the regeneration of the world. This is the divine mission of America, and it holds for us all the profit, all the glory, all the happiness possible to man. We are trustees of the world's progress; guardians of its righteous peace. The judgment of the Master is upon us: "Ye have been faithful over a few things; I will make you ruler over many things."

What shall history say of us? Shall it say that we renounced that holy trust, left the savage to his base condition, the wilderness to the reign of waste, deserted duty, abandoned glory, forgot our sordid profit even, because we feared our strength and read the charter of our powers with the doubter's eye and the quibbler's mind? Shall it say that, called by events to captain and command the proudest, ablest, purest race of history in history's noblest work, we declined that great commission? Our fathers would not have had it so. No! They founded no paralytic government, incapable of the simplest acts of administration. They planted no sluggish people, passive while the

world's work calls them. They established no reactionary nation. They unfurled no retreating flag.

God's Hand in All.

That flag has never paused in its onward march. Who dares halt it now—now when history's largest events are carrying it forward—now when we are at last one people, strong enough for any task, great enough for any glory, destiny can bestow. How comes it that our first century closes with the process of consolidating the American people into a unit just accomplished, and quick upon the stroke of that great hour presses upon us our world opportunity, world duty, and world glory which none but a people welded into an indivisible nation can achieve or perform? Blind, indeed, is he who sees not the hand of God in events so vast, so harmonious, so benign. Reactionary, indeed, is the mind that perceives not that this vital people is the strongest of the saving forces of the world; that our place, therefore, is at the head of the constructing and redeeming nations of the earth; and that, to stand aside while events march on is a surrender of our interests, a betrayal of our duty as blind as it is base. Craven, indeed, is the heart that fears to perform a work so golden and so noble; that dares not own a glory so immortal.

The Cost in Money.

Do you tell me that it will cost us money? When did Americans ever measure duty by financial standards? Do you tell me of the tremendous toll required to overcome the vast difficulties of our task? What mighty work for the world, for humanity, even for ourselves, has ever been done with ease? Even our bread must we eat by the sweat of our faces. Why are we charged with power such as no people ever knew, if we are not to use it in a work such as no people ever wrought? Who will dispute the divine meaning of the fable of the talents? Do you remind me of the precious blood that must be shed, the lives that must be given, the broken hearts of loved ones for their stain? And this is indeed a heavier price than all combined. And yet as a nation every historic duty we have done, every achievement we have accomplished, has been by the sacrifice of our noblest sons. Every holy memory that glorifies the flag is of those heroes who have died that its onward march might not be stayed. It is the nation's most precious blood poured out for it that makes it precious to us. That flag is woven of heroism and grief, of the bravery of men and women's tears, of righteousness and battle, of sacrifice and anguish, of triumph and glory. It is these which make our flag a holy thing. Who would tear from that sacred banner the glorious legends of a single battle where it has waved on land or sea? What son of a soldier of the flag, whose father fell beneath it on any field, would surrender that proud record for the heraldry of a king. In the cause of civilization, in the service of the republic anywhere on earth, Americans consider wounds the noblest decorations man can win and count the giving of their lives a glad and precious duty. Pray God that spirit never fails. Pray God the time may never come when Mammon and the love of ease shall so debase our blood that we will fear to shed it for the flag and its imperial destiny. Pray God the time may never come when American heroism is but a legend, like the story of the Old American faith in our mission and our might a dream dissolved, and the glory of our mighty race departed.

And that time will never come. We will renew our youth at the fountain of new and glorious deeds. We will exalt our reverence for the flag by carrying it to a noble future as well as by remembering its ineffable past. Its immortality will not pass, because everywhere and always we will acknowledge and discharge the solemn responsibilities our sacred flag, in its deepest meaning, puts upon us. And so, senators, with reverent hearts, where dwells the fear of God, the American people move forward to the future of their hope and the doing of His work.

Mr. President and senators, adopt the resolution offered that peace may quickly come and that we may begin our saving, regenerating and uplifting work. Adopt it, and this bloodshed will cease when these deluded children of our islands learn that this is the final action of the representatives of the American people in Congress assembled. Reject it, and the world, history and the American people will know where to forever fix the awful responsibility for the consequences that will surely follow such failure to do our manifest duty. How dare we delay when our soldiers' blood is flowing?"

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NEW YORK, Jan. 9.—The handsome dwelling of Joseph Pulitzer, the proprietor of the New York World, in East Fifty-fifth street, was destroyed by fire to-day, and at least one life was lost. When the flames had been extinguished and a search was made of the ruined interior, the body of a woman was found, badly burned. The body was identified as that of the housekeeper, Mrs. Jellett. One hand was firmly clutching a small bag, into which, it is believed, she tried to thrust some of her personal effects before leaving her room.

At the time the fire began there were in the house Mrs. Pulitzer, her daughters, Lulu, fourteen years old, and Constance, twelve, and Mrs. Pulitzer's baby son, two months old, and twenty-two servants. Mr. Pulitzer and his son, Joseph, Jr., are at Lakewood, N. J.

Mrs. Pulitzer was asleep with her two daughters, Edith and Constance, on the second floor. On the floor above was the nurse, with the baby.

Mrs. Pulitzer was awakened at 7:50 by a crackling noise. She detected the smell of smoke and almost immediately afterward the electric fire alarm sounded.

Mrs. Pulitzer ran to one of the doors of the room, but found it locked. The other was open, and, taking her children, she started down stairs, shouting the alarm.

After placing Edith and Constance in the street, she hurried up to the third floor and found the nurse with the baby in her arms, about to get out on the fire escape. The woman was hysterical.

Mrs. Pulitzer quieted the nurse, took the baby from her, and together they went to the street.

John O'Connor, the second butler, had a narrow escape. He slept on the top floor with another servant. He was aroused by Mrs. Pulitzer's cries, and, finding the smoke coming thickly upward, walked out along the window ledge to the roof of the next house, No. 14, the residence of Alexander Maitland.

O'Connor says he was overcome by the smoke and sank down when he reached a place of safety. His companion revived him and assisted him to the street.

The origin of the fire is unknown, but it is thought it must have started in the basement or the lower story by defective electric insulation. It spread with great rapidity, and went straight upward, and in a short while was blazing from the roof.

The firemen, realizing that the house could not be saved, devoted their energies to adjoining property.

The house contained a valuable historical library and many carefully selected works of art. Nothing of value was saved.

The total loss is estimated at \$300,000. The second body found in the burned Pulitzer dwelling was identified positively as that of the governess, Miss Elizabeth Montgomery. Death was caused by suffocation.

He Fooled the Surgeons.

All doctors told Renick Hamilton, of West Jefferson, O., after suffering 18 months from Rectal Fistula, he would die unless a costly operation was performed; but he cured himself with five boxes of Bucken's Arnica Salve, the surest cure on Earth, and the best Salve in the World. 25 cents a box. Sold by Logan Drug Co., druggist.

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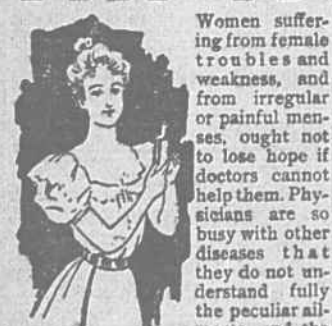
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